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THE PACIFIC

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FAITH BEYOND THE FORMS OF FAITH.

Nothing worthy proven can be proven,
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore be thou wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No."
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst;
She feels the sun is hid but for a night;
She spies the Summer through the winter bud;
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Let be thy doubt and help thy fellow men,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence if thou
Look higher, then, perchance, thou mayest beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow, see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision.

—Tennyson.

THE PACIFIC

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PROHIBITION AS A WAR-TIME MEASURE.

The Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episccopal Church, remarked recently:

"I would not be surprised to see the President go before Congress within four weeks to demand the closing of the breweries and distilleries in order to conserve the nation's food supply.

"And it would surprise me no more if Congress were to pass such a law before the President had an opportunity to lay the matter before it. I base my belief that war prohibition is only a matter of weeks upon the fact that there is a tidal wave of sentiment sweeping over the country. Representatives, senators, governors, mayors, and leading citizens in all parts of the country are asking us the significant question: 'How much grain is used in making liquor?' "

If President Wilson and Congress would act as it seems to us that a Christian President and men with the welfare of their country at heart should act with reference to the liquor traffic in this time of crisis, it would be not only a grand thing for our nation, but it would greatly hearten the people in Great Britain who are struggling against odds that we know not of, and would lead them on to victory over the accursed traffic—a traffic which Lloyd George long ago declared to be a greater menace to the nation than the submarine, and which if not downed would bring national downfall.

A quotation or two from the last number of the British Weekly to reach the Pacific Coast, will indicate what they are up against in the United Kingdom. A recent deputation got no encouragement from the Prime Minister. Concerning the interview the British Weekly says:

"Those who had heard and read his burning words about drink as the chief enemy, greater even than Germany, could not have recognized the man who now spoke with imperfectly concealed contempt of Prohibition and with the most careful and scrupulous politeness to the trade. For anything Mr. Lloyd George said, the trade might be the most innocuous in the country."

The British Weekly said further: "It is naturally a matter of the greatest regret that the Prime Minister should appear as a determined enemy of Prohibition, and as a friend, though not perhaps so determined a friend of the nationalization of the drink trade. But we hope that in view of his magnificent services, given so long and still continued, to his country, no bitter words will be spoken. We are confident for our part that he is acting from the highest motives, and that no personal interests of any kind inuence him in the deadly grapple, the secrets of which he knows so well."

It is a mighty problem which Lloyd George faces. Several times in the last few weeks his Government has been about to topple over. Once threatened with disaster because of a tariff on cotton, relating to India, it was saved only by the aid of Asquith, whom he had displaced. There is ever-increasing dissatisfaction with the course the Prime Minister is pursuing; unjustly, unreasonably, in our judgment, but it is something which the Prime Minister has to reckon with in his effort to save his nation from defeat. The following from the London World, the organ of society, of aristocracy, sets forth the feeling in part:

"There seems to be a feeling among all classes of the community that it is highly dangerous to those principles of Liberty for which we are understood to be waging this war that we should indefinitely surrender ourselves, our souls and bodies, our present and future belongings, into the hands of a bureaucracy which bids fair to rival Prussian despotism without the saving grace of Prussian efficiency.

"Slowly, but surely, under the lure that these sacrifices are essential to achieve the overthrow of Germany, we are yielding up every privilege which Englishmen held most dear.

"We are hemmed in by vexatious regulations on every side.

"For two years we have submitted to darkened streets, which have been productive of more casualties than all the Zeppelin raids put together.

"We have lowered ourselves to the level of animals in captivity by allowing ourselves to be fed and watered only at certain specified hours.

"We have had our means of locomotion restricted by the limitations on petrol. Our train service has been cut down and our fares put up, the combination amounting in many cases to eviction from homes where we have spent all our lives.

"We have submitted to a system of passports and visés which makes England, to all intents and purposes, a vast prison, with government officials as gaolers.

"Our letters are rigorously censored, and our most private affairs laid bare to the scrutiny of inquisitive officials.

"We have accepted instructions from an ignorant Minister as to the quantity of food we may consume at a meal, and the amount we shall pay for it."

Lloyd George is of opinion that all these regulations are essential; and we agree with him, and expect to see many similar regulations in our own country if the war goes on for long.

These howls against the Prime Minister indicate what he faces with respect to the liquor traffic. We can help him along the right way by immediate action—enacting a measure which for the duration of the war will stop the liquor traffic. Thousands in Great Britain are praying that we will lead. For a long time very many have felt that God could not allow a victory until this accursed traffic had been stopped—if only for the time the war lasted.

Blessed are they that enter far into things eternal, and endeavor to prepare themselves more and more, by daily exercises, for the receiving of heavenly secrets. Blessed are they who are glad to have time to spare for God, and shake off all worldly impediments.—The Imitation of Christ.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN HAS APPEARED AGAIN IN WASHINGTON.

This caption may be rather startling, but many persons wondered for a brief time at the opening of the present session of Congress whether Lincoln hadn't come to Washington once more.

At different times in the past there have been persons who bore a marked resemblance to Lincoln and this has been commented on aforetime. The contour of the face of Senator Cullom of Illinois is said to suggest that of Lincoln, and a Southern representative in a recent Congress had some resemblance to Lincoln. But when Representative Fairfield of Indiana, a newly elected congressman appeared in Washington a few weeks ago, people stood and looked in amazement. They thought that it was either Lincoln himself or such a double as no other man ever had. A New York newspaper man interviewed Mr. Fairfield in his office not long ago, and wrote that when he unfolded himself and rose from the depths of his chair, he instantly decided that no other man ever had so good a right to be known as Lincoln's "double." This New York correspondent writes:

"It is small wonder that unconsciously that modest man created something like a mild sensation when he appeared upon the House floor the first day of the Sixty-fifth Congress. His recent photographs do not faithfully portray the resemblance, because the strong, intense lines of his face have been eliminated from the negative. Neither does the picture give the earnestness of his eyes with the suggestion of sadness; instead, the camera caught the reminiscence of the old fishin' hole. Professor Fairfield's hair is cut after the manner of Lincoln's and if he wore the same kind of collar and tie no one could doubt the truth of the prototype.

"His gestures are loose and angular; when on the floor of the House he usually sits near Mr. Mann, of Illinois, and when he rises to his full gaunt height anyone would be justified in believing that Mr. Mann had discovered Lincoln's reincarnation in Springfield and brought him back to Cogress for a conference."

Mr. Fairfield is six feet four inches in height, very slender and lank. He has been accustomed for many years to be told of his resemblance of Lincoln. When he came about thirty-three years ago to a professorship in the Tri-State Normal College at Angola, Indiana, the writer of this article was an editor in that town and called attention then to the remarkable resemblance. Whether newspaper mention had been made of the fact before we do not know.

We are glad to be able to state that Congressman Fairfield is Abraham Lincoln's "double" in more ways than one. He has the sterling traits of character which so commended Lincoln to the people of his day, without which, no matter what his part in saving the Union and freeing the slave, he would not be crowned today as the greatest man of the nineteenth century—perhaps the greatest man of all the centuries since the time of Jesus of Nazareth. Readers of The Pacific may be interested in the answer Mr. Fairfield gave recently to a newspaper man who enquired as to the influences of his boyhood:

"There are so many different influences that flow into a boy's character, that it is difficult to tell in after years just which ones seem to have had the greatest force. As I look back I recall a certain teacher whose precepts and instructions and habits of life left a definite impression on my character. He was one of those men who go through the world never conscious of the good he is doing—and yet today, here am I, paying my tribute to the fineness of his influence. Then, too, my father, who is still living, is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. It was his custom when my brother and I were boys to quote the New Testament to us. His mind was stored with its contents, and into his conversation constantly slipped the pertinent pasages that he wanted us to remember. And of course we did." * * * *

"In Ohio, where I was born, and where I grew to manhood, I went to school in a small country school, and from the time I could spell, I read everything I could get my hands on. The range of that literature was appallingly wide, but inasmuch as I simply had to read—naturally every thing that came my way I went through—including the dime novel and others of its kind and cheaper."

Congressman Fairfield has laid a beloved son on the altar of his country. The young man, twenty-two years old, though in frail health, felt constrained to go with his company in the National Guard to the Mexican border in 1915, and died there. The father has said: "I got there just before the end. He didn't know things were serious, and he was perfectly content that he was doing his bit."

"Doing his bit!" For several decades Congressman Fairfield has been doing his bit—not known far and wide, but doing faithfully and ably the work at his hand to do. He had never been in Washington before the last inauguration day; and that trip took him for the first time east of the Alleghanies though his home for more than fifty years had been in Ohio and Indiana.

A quiet, uneventful life! But we would rather trust the destiny of this nation in the hands of men like Congressman Fairfield than in the hands of many of the men well known all over the continent.

What was Abraham Lincoln, the- comparatively unknown Illinois lawyer before the day when he took his old carpet bag and journeyed to New York and thrilled the country by his Cooper Union speech! What was he, compared with many historic names, before he went to Washington and led the nation so marvelously during those dark and trying years of civil war! Only an unknown man, doing his bit on the prairies of Illinois, but doing it in the light of the life and teaching of the Matchless Character!

THE EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN OF RAYMOND ROBINS.

Mr. Gale Seaman, the executive secretary, has issued a statement concerning the recent campaign by Raymond Robins among the college and university students on the Pacific Coast. We give here a condensation of his report. The Pacific stated editorially, after the University of California Campaign, that it was freighted with untold good and of immeasurable influences. We desire by this presentation to indicate to our readers the wider good therefrom, and to help along future work of this kind.

Faculty Co-operation.

"All the way from Arizona to Idaho the personal, generous and hearty support of the faculty, individuals and groups, in the campaign could hardly have been better. They encouraged the Student Promotion Committees, some of them serving on the committees themselves; they aided greatly in clearing the College calendar of social and athletic enagements which could conflict with the campaign addresses. Among the events postponed or cancelled were stated annual plays and other important engagements with closed dates. The spirit shown in this connection in most every College was Christian in the extreme; faculty members presided at meetings, spoke at fraternity houses, and

gave valuable counsel in the whole program of conservation. Sometimes faculty authority was given for shortening classes, and in a few instances cancelling certain classes. The president of one college said if Robins would remain another day he would dismiss any or all classes, if necessary, in order to give right-of-way to further messages. Always on the afternoon of the first day Mr. Robins addressed the faculty which was officially called together by the president. Here he stressed the need for the moral and spiritual emphasis in Education, using the topic "The Redemptive Principle in Education." President Wilbur of Stanford University said to Mr. Robins on the closing night of the series, "If you had done nothing else but address our faculty your coming would have been eminently worth while."

Preparation and Conservation.

The time was short for preparation, but most of the schools made reasonably adequate preparation, two or three notably so. Student and faculty promotion committees were quickly organized; personal work groups were put in operation; college calendars were cleared of events which would conflict; churches and associations united heartily for joint action in connecton with the whole Campaign; special associate leaders were imported to cover groups or departments; club and fraternities freely entertained leaders and gave opportunity for a short Christian message; and besides local prayer bands, the alumni, parents and friends generally were enlisted in serious intercession for the Campaign.

The conservation of impressions and definite results actually proceeded along the following lines: (1) church membership; (2) church attendance and work; (3) Bible, Mission, and Social Classes; (4) plans to interview personally every man who signed a decision card; (5) special follow-up addresses usually of an apologetic nature; (6) strengthening the leadership and organizaton of the Young Men's Christian Association; (7) enlisting men in social service opportunities.

Important Extra Addresses.

Among the dozen or more addresses unrelated to the college campaigns, special mention should be made of these: (1) the address before the 350 members of the Commonwealth Club at their monthly luncheon in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. This occasion had the double significance of influencing many of the leading citizens of San Francisco, and of giving Mr. Robins a hearing in the city where he began his public career nearly two decades ago; (2) the address in Sacramento before the members of the State Legislature and two hundred citizens assembled in annual banquet under the auspices of the Local and State Federaton of Churches. Governor Johnson, his warm, personal friend, presided, and Mr. Robins gave a masterly address, again stressing the paramount importance of the spiritual; (3) the two addresses in Seattle, one before the 800 men of the Young Men's Christian Association Sunday Club, and the other before a union church service in the University District; (4) the appeal for a ministry whch will include the social message of the Gospel spoken before the Annual Conference of Theological Students and their professors at their meeting in the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, San Francisco. One hundred men were present.

Some Interesting Figures.

The Coast Tour began with three addresses to the troops and two addresses to men of the City in El Paso February 10th. Then the following list of institutions were visited in the order given. Regular stated campaigns were held in eleven of them. The names of the Colleges and some most interesting figures are given herewith:

INSTITUTION	Approximate Enrollment Men	Conservative Est. Avg. Att. Meetings	Decision Cards Signed
University of Arizona	235	200	134
Pomona College	230	210	132
University of Southern California	595	370	325
Throop Polytechnic (1 address)	250	175	
University of California	4000	2100	800
Stanford University	1600	725	179
University of Nevada	175	95	46
University of Oregon (1 address)	550	(Men and Women)	
Willamette University	140	120	95
Oregon Agri'l College	1000	700	246
Reed College	120	90	44
University of Idaho	325	230	88
Washington State College	800	600	285
			2374

Extracts from Letters by College Presidents and Professors.

During my connection with this or any other institution of learning I have never known of a speaker coming among us in special connection so completely to grasp faculty and student body and to hold them entirely to one purpose and to one ideal. An entirely new spirit is among us, bringing with it a seriousness and a zeal which has not always marked our undertaknga in the past, and which is sure to impel us to better things in the future."—R. B. von Kleinsmid, President, University of Arizona.

Robins made a profound impression upon the young men of the University and also upon many of the faculty men.—C. E. Rugh, University of California.

He captured the imagination and thought of the whole University. I cannot but think that many men and women of Stanford will begin to count their life as of importance to the larger world from this time, and no one could fail to see that the motive of his great life is love of humanity and that the power behind his extraordinary service to the world is God.—D. Charles Gardner, Chaplain, Leland Stanford University.

From the very beginning to the close there was intense interest. I have heard a great many men talk to students but I never heard a man who was so completely the master of the situation as was Mr. Robins. His way of presenting the truth is unique. His conclusions were so clear and reasonable that I am sure great good has been accomplished.—G. F. Bovard, President, University of Southern California.

He gives a clear-cut message of persoal experience that is stimulating to both young and old. The note of affirmation and true objective, which is the central part of his theme, made the strongest appeal in this community—Ray Lyman Wilbur, President, Leland Stanford University.

His message and personality are vital, gripping, absolutely compelling. We cannot be the same after the experiences of these three days, and no one wants to be the same. Students who hear him will always be grateful they have done so; students who can hear him and do not do so are guilty of inane folly.—Carl G. Doney, Willamette University.

To hear a man who is the personification of practical activity and achievement connect all successful endeavor with the power of Jesus Christ, serves to silence the all-too-prevalent sneers against religion as something fit for women, children and misty idealists.—R. C. Thompson, University of Nevada.

Mr. Robins' addresses here were heard gladly by great throngs. The views which he presented were, so far as I could judge from the two addresses I heard, characterized by nobility and generosity of spirit. The problems of modern day industrial and social life were discussed with fair-

ness, moderation, and wisdom.—Benj. I. Wheeler, President, University of California.

Four Year Program of Evangelism.

Out of a nation-wide experience in College Evangelism in recent years, and in a special way out of the campaigns led by Raymond Robins, has emerged both a conviction and a plan for further evangelistic emphasis. A conviction that all important institutions should be covered regularly, and that the addresses in a given college during a student generation should portray, as far as possible, a complete or well-balanced Gospel message, not merely a segment of the Gospel truth. The four year program plan has been worked out by the Council of Church Boards of Education and by the Council of North American Student movements. Convinced of the need for wider hearings, a stronger personnel of speakers and a continuous plan, this joint Council undertakes, where certain conditions are met, to supply acceptable speakers who will present a four-fold message in the course of a student generation—stressing in different years (1) fundamentals of Christian faith; (2) Christianity and campus problems; (3) Christianizaton of the social order; (4) the world program of Christianity. This commanding adventure is nearing completion as far as the mechanical organization is concerned, and is commending itself to all who are interested in moral and spiritual work in University centers. Special conferences were held in Berkeley, Portland, and Pullman to discuss the purpose and scope of this unified and comprehensive approach. A number of Colleges on the Pacific Coast will hold campaigns each year under this arrangement.

SKETCHES OF CHINA BY A SOJOURNER IN CHINA.

B. F. Sargent.

Tientsin—Peitaiho—Shanhaikuan.

Tientsin is the grst place one enters upon reaching North China. It is a city of some three hundred thousand, but being the port of North China has a large relative importance. While the old city looks much like other Chinese cities, the "Concessions" granted to the different nations make a modern city that is quite fine. Here the streets are broad and bordered with shade trees, and there are cement walks, while the houses are modern and new. From a business point of view this part has great advantages, as it supplies all of the northern part of China with whatever is imported from America or Europe.

Six miles from the center is Pei Yang University, of high rank, where all the instruction is in English. It is supported by the government and is making its influence felt as authority on western learning and science. The various mission compounds have been moved from the center of the city to various suburbs, and all seem to be doing good work.

In this city Dr. A. P. Peck is located as a physician Here also is Dr. Gee, the eldest son of Rev. Gee Gam, so long a Congregational minister in California. Here I met Roy Baker of Berkeley, assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A., which is rejoicing in its new $40,000 building.

Taking the train at Tientsin, we started for a few weeks' residence at Peitaiho, one hundred and fifty miles to the Northeast. The journey was my first ride by daylight in China, and it was one of the surprises of my life to see the well-kept fields in which the millet and beans were already covering the ground, although it was then early June. The Chinese certainly have learned the art of fertilizing to perfection. Chinese boys from the age of five are kept on the roads to gather fertilizer. All sewage from town and country finds its way back to the soil. No weeds are allowed to grow, being pulled up and dried for fuel.

The country to the north was rolling prairie, very pleasing to the eye, as at times it rose to mountain crests. But even these, as well as the river banks, are cultivated. As small a ranch as two acres often makes a living for quite a family.

Peitaiho, which we reached in less than six hours, is the watering place for North China. Though started but twenty years ago, it now has a summer population of at least 2000. It is located on the Gulf of Peichihli and is just opposite Port Arthur. It has great natural beauty, and is now so popular that rents have risen enormously, a moderate house of six rooms renting this summer for over $400. Others rent for $300, and none less than $200. These higher prices were paid by the Germans who, since they were driven out of Ching Tao by the Japanese, have no desirable places for the summer months. But the missionary spirit still dominates the place. It was an inspiring sight to see two or three hundred missionaries gathered for worship in the Assembly Hall, or to hear their testimony at the conventions of which there were two during the summer.

In the distance, we could see in the sunlight, a section of the Great Wall, where it dips down from the mountains into the ocean. We were told that the other side of that wall was the beginning of Manchuria, and that we ought not to miss a trip to Shanhaikuan, the city by the Great Wall. So we arranged for a party of four, and on the twenty-seventh of June, made a start. First there came a donkey ride to the station six miles away. Then an hour's ride by train. As a novelty, we rode third class. This you can do if you have your bedding along to sit on. Otherwise you might have to stand up. At Shahuankuan, a friend met us, and fitted us out with donkeys and we first rode to the ocean and saw the ruins of the Great Wall which had been washed for ages by the waves ever since the advent of Christ. This was at a point three miles from Shanhaikuan, and over a well-kept road, the best I have seen in China, outside of the large cities. We returned to the Methodist mission in time for afternoon tea, and at five o'clock were off again on our donkeys and headed for the monasteries in the mountains where we were to spend two days. As we started we saw them clinging to the mountain's side, like a bird's nest, and realized that a hard climb was ahead of us. But it was an hour's ride before we came to the road or trail leading to them, and a very pleasant hour, and indeed the entire ride was a revelation to us, for, as we ascended to a considerable height, we saw a wonderful panorama of beauty unroll before us and under us. On the way up we passed an encampment of Japanese soldiery, out for practice, and as we watched them from an advantageous point, a mile further up, we could see through the glass loaned us by a friend, a sudden movement among them. They formed into line and ran across a field, and falling each on one knee, fired at what seemed to be a long line of men, but what we knew to be targets. Every target went down. "Iu Europe," remarked one of our crowd, "the targets are living men." It was almost dusk before we reached the highest monastery which had been rented for us as our stopping place. Being old campers, we soon had supper ready and eaten, our blankets spread upon the floor, and we were soon asleep. But I have seen softer beds. The next day we spent in climbing sections of the Great Wall still intact, and we were filled with awe that we were standing on the handiwork of a race that toiled more than 1900 years ago, and which it is said cost 100,000 lives, and almost impoverished the nation. We climbed still higher, and were well repaid. Though not so high as our own Yosemite, the mountains are beautifully

green, and make a close second to our far-famed peaks. Our return trip was very comfortable in the early hours of the next day; we reached home at six that night, and when we sank to rest in our soft beds, we said, "God bless the man who first invented mattresses."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

George E. Atkinson.

(A paper read at the Council of Installation at Martinez, California, April 20, 1917.)

When a man has been in the ministry nearly 20 years, then would prepare a statement for a Council it becomes a serious question about the audience and to the audience. It's easy to find people who are willing to talk 20 years or indeed 50 years, if they can talk about themselves somewhat. The trouble is to find good people who are willing to forego the fun of spinning their own tow while they listen to the hum of your wheel. My only excuse is that you expect it. What do you expect? I am sure I do not know, nor am I sure what you will get! For when a man looks into the kenetoscope of memory for 20 years his thoughts are deeply stirred with memories glad and otherwise. I have not even taken out my statement that I prepared for my Installation Council in Campbell November 22, 1904, so I have no idea how the statement of the old man compares with the splendid wisdom and matchless eloquence of the young chap of that early time.

I had a beginning, however, for I am here now. But just when my spiritual birth took place I cannot say. As you all know I had the wisdom to choose the best of parents, even as my own children have done. In my boyhood home I early learned to love God and to have a boy's simple knowledge of God's great truths. I joined my father's church in the Black Hills of South Dakota in my early years, not indeed having experienced a spiritual earthquake like Paul's. And I may say that that used to bother my boyish mind greatly at times, for if I did not come to God as did the great Apostle, one of my boyhood heroes, how then could it be that I was a Christian at all?

I can see now that God is not a machine reaching all in the same way, but that he calls each in the particular way that fits that individual case. So if as a result of my being in a home brightened with a beautiful Christian love, and my life naturally unfolded like the bud to the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, I give God the glory and thank my dear parents for their patience and love with the thoughtless sometimes blundering lad. In my thinking as a lad and young man I never dreamed of studying for the ministry. Indeed I steered clear of any such plans! Had I not been brought up in a minister's home, and seen the self-denials and sacrifices there? How my boyish anger at times flared up at some unjust criticism of my father or mother, at the times they gave their service for others and it was not appreciated! How well I remember one night after going to bed in the room where in winter the snow gave me a beautiful white spread, and thinking of my experiences coming home from school. "If ever I have a son never shall he be teased as I was tonight and told he can not do certain things for 'he's the preacher's kid!'" Yet, here I am in the ministry! How did I get here? Why did I change my plans? for my plans were entirely different for years. And I assure you it was no easy fight for me to change and do the thing I once declared I never would do. Outside the prayers of father and mother—for I am old-fashioned enough to believe they had power at that time in my life, and have had blessed influence ever since—outside that, it was the life-touch of a man eccentric to a degree. One day in my Junior year at college the Hon. W. T. Stead of London spent several days at the school. One day, why he should have done so, God only knws, Mr. Stead began to talk with me and found that my father was from England; he then pulled me down on the sea by his side, and for three hours forgot his appointments while with his arm around me he talked about my life-work. As a result that night about midnight I wrote a letter to my dear parents, telling them my change of life-plans.

I have heard some criticise W. T. Stead, and smile at his peculiarities. 'Tis true he has his share of them, but some way there is a warm spot in my heart for the man whose life touched my life at that critical time. That young man, as he left the Seminary, now twenty-nine years ago—I wonder if I am any relation of his? So cock-sure he was, so sure his church in Tekoa, to which he was going, was the most fortunate church in the State of Washington! Yet now I can see that the color his college class choose was a most appropriate one, for it was green, and so was he then. I sometimes think that is the hardest color to change there is! Many a time do I remember that when I tossed on my pillow Sunday night I didn't know what in the wide world I would do when it came next Sunday, unless one of two things happened—one that the church might burn down so we could have no service, or that the world came to an end so we couldn't have any! Those sermons! What patience my people had! Their name should be Job! And they knew it! One dear lady told me: "We knew it was your first pastorate and we were ready to excuse a lot of mistakes." I smiled and said, "And I guess you have, haven't you?" She astonished me by truthfully replying, "Yes, we have, and we're glad we did." Now will this Council please tell me what she meant?

Looking back after all these years I can see that not so very much brain power was used up in them, i. e., the sermons, after all. In fact, when I burnt up a lot of them just before leaving Campbell, I was astonished at their dryness! My, but they did burn fine! Was that why, at times, some would sit with closed eyes in wrapt attention Sunday after Sunday! But, friends, those were great years. Years when the young man was finding himself doing his best to forget most of what he had learned in school, while he learned in the school of practical experience things no book contains, and at the bedside of some of God's saints getting glimpses of the truest of all theology. I do not underestimate the value of the school of the Prophets, my Seminary course was and has ever been invaluable to me, but some of my deepest religious experiences have come to me outside of books, or rather in the book God bound in Human lives.

I want to say it has not been an easy thing to be a preacher these past twenty years. Here, for example, are the older people, somewhat set in their religious ways of thinking, not in sympathy with the modern viewpoint. Here by Grandma's side sits granddaughter; at least the dear old lady would like to have her sit there, but chances are, the granddaughter, with her new way of dressing, doesn't sit with her folks but with those of her own age, and she has an entirely different way of looking at all things from dress to theology. How can I truly feed the Saints in Israel with food they can digest while at the same time win and hold the wise young people who can best assimilate modern predigested breakfast food? It is a question that has kept me puzzled many a time. You who know better life and its mysteries, tell me before you go home. I think of the pictures that came to my camera mind in those days. Some of them I have developed and carefully pre-

serve, and they mean more each time I hold them before me. Some are blurred now and I am glad of it. I think of the air-castles of those happy years, some so unreal now, so almost impossible, that my heart goes out with a throb of sympathetic understanding to the young man as he enters through the portal into life's service. Under some of these air-castles, please God, I have built up the foundation of strong experience, and the things of the air have become real as these visions have materialized.

My sermons now are not what they were in those days. Then a new machine, just fresh from the shops, I tried to hit so many of the ills and peculiar social and otherwise foibles of the day. Now I believe more in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as the great object of my preaching. The yeasting of my thinking these score of years has presented me with a somewhat wholesome loaf of the Living Bread. I have thought I have studied men and talked with them, and I firmly believe that what the business man wants on Sunday is to get in touch with the great eternal verities of Gods imperishable Truth. Not my ideas about modern foibles, about which he indeed knows more from practical experience than I can possibly know. The longer I try to preach the more am I convinced that it should be an earnest practical, common-sense religion of God's truth, a religion that will help us forget the worry and fret of every day's trials and help us draw near to the heart of the dear God, a religion that does not make our burdens and every-day life harder and more disagreeable, but because we are coming more into accord with God's great plan for us, makes our burdens lighter and life the brighter. Am I preaching such a message? Ask my good people and they will frankly tell you, "No, but he is trying earnestly so to do." And I would say not only to mothers and Sunday-school teachers, but to pastors also: "Whatever you say, whatever you do, teach those precious ones under you that true salvation consists, not in being saved from a future retribution only, or in simply being forgiven after sin has trailed its blackness across their lives, but in keeping those lives 'unspotted from the world,' and their hearts free from all unholy thoughts. Teach them never to drift from their Father's care until 'the night is dark and they are far from home'; for the day will come—it may be long delayed, but it will come—when the sleeping soul shall awaken, and not all the bitter tears, the heartache, the pitiful regrets, nor even all the noble deeds of after years can blot out the rememberance of their sin against themselves and against their God."

As to the definite theological statement I am willing to stand by the pronouncement of the National Council at Kansas City in October 25, 1913. I was a member of that great historic gathering and voted for the adoption of its statement of Faith, which I read here:

"We believe in God the Father, infinite in wisdom, goodness and love; and in Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord and Saviour, who for us and our salvation lived and died and rose again and liveth evermore; and in the Holy Spirit, who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing comforting, and inspiring the souls of men. We are united in striving to know the will of God as taught in the Holy Scriptures, and in our purpose to walk in the ways of the Lord, made known or to be made known to us. We hold it to be the mission of the Church of Christ to proclaim the Gospel to all mankind, exalting the worship of the one true God, and laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood. Depending, as did our fathers, upon the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth, we work and pray for the transformation of the world into the kingdom of God; and we look with faith for the triumph of righteousness and the life everlasting."

I for one believe strongly in the need for a Saviour. One does not need to belabor his brain very hard or long, nor attend the sessions of the Court very often to realize that there is something sadly wrong somewhere somehow. The sighs, the tears, the woes and heartaches are on all sides. From slum to avenue, friction, clash, conflict. As well stand under a cloudless sky and try to prove that the sun shines, as to waste time trying to prove men sin. The Bible does not argue the question, but simply takes the self-evident fact for granted and proceeds on that assumption. How did it get here? I wish you would tell me! I have no plummet of wisdom to fathom the depths to the bottom. The well is deep. Man may laugh at the Eden story and make merry over the Biblical explanations of sin, but I say that until they can furnish a better one their sneers simply show their shallowness. Some way the fact is here, and this sad state of man argues two things: his need of an adequate Saviour who is able to save unto the uttermost, and also man's inherent greatness. As David Starr Jordan once said in my church at Campbell: "A monkey can't fall far, for he has no moral height to fall from; but man has such a height." And oh, how low sometimes he sinks. The very fact of his fall, and that he can sin, proclaims his natural majesty and the tremendous possibilities of his being. Because of that sovereign power of moral choice, that he is a free moral agent, he can say, "I will wallow in the mire, and revel in the moral slime and filth of life, or he can say, "By the grace of God that glittering crown of God's Sonship and perfect redeemed humanity shall be mine." And it his own choice which he shall be, a moral pigmy or a Prince of the Realm for all eternity. How naturally this thought of man, whom God's Eternal Son thought it not unworthy his best efforts to save, leads us to believe that this one worth so much, is immortal! Man is not a child of time but of eternity. He has entered on a journey which has no ending. Man must live and live and live, and live whether he wants to or not. O! that great word, so full of music, so full of warning, in my preaching I would tell it out with enthusiasm,, and yet with fear and trembling, that forever and forever and forever man shall live! I would have my people believe that they are not limited to a little space and a brief time. They are beings of two worlds capable of Eternal life. I would remind them that they have desires and aspirations which discover for them spiritual and eternal realities.

I would have them rejoice in the measureless bounty, the gladdening beauty and in all noble ministry of earthly things; but with larger confidence and profounder joy would I have them believe in the existence of a higher, purer, eternal world, whose treasures are incorruptible, whose beauty is fadeless, whose joys are exhaustless,

> "Where no shadow shall bewilder
> Where life's vain parade is o'er;
> Where the sleep of sin is broken,
> And the dreamer dreams no more."

And I should have all my people pause in the midst of the busy whirl of their life to take on board their "Great Pilot." I believe that for 30 odd years the little strip of territory bordering on the Mediterranean Sea held within its bounds the world's most precious possession. I believe there is an increasing number of persons in the world who are looking wistfully back to the Man of Galilee for some solution of life's dark mysteries. More and more these later years the great unique Man of the Ages has filled a large and ever larger place in my studies. For one thing He is my philosophy of history. He, the Perfect Man,

is the ideal towards which man is moving. He is the explanation of the restless movement of the ages, the crown of all struggles, the explanation of all social conflicts and upheavals, it is man straining, striving climbing towards his Divine Ideal.

More and more as I think of Jesus the Christ he is the Master Key that will unlock more of the world's mysteries, and solve more of the puzzling problems than any other explanation heretofore discovered in the world. The insoluble mystery of the incarnation is man's majestic truth. The song of the morning star still floats in the air. The breezes of Eden are blowing. No painter can glorify the scene. We are looking into infinite space and timeless time. Earth has vanished for it is not yet called into being. Man is only in the mind of God, but One there is who inhabits all Eternity and is not solitary. Ages on ages has he been. For him there is blessed society. He is an everlasting father for he has an everlasting Son. By this Son, The Word, he in his own good time creates and upholds the worlds. And through the Son man appears in history. Then in the fullness of time He is made flesh and tabernacles among us. There we are brought face to face with the amazing mystery of Godliness. I can not explain it, but I know He is, for I have seen His power; it works! The little figure the rationalists leave us, one who is perfectly comprehensible to the common mind, the amiable teacher who is not the eternal Son of God, cannot and does not take hold with power over anyone. Man at his highest cannot make a Saviour. God only can give us a Saviour, and He does it as God. And faith in such a Saviour works. He is the great Divine God-Man. This mystery I attempt not to explain, I accept it as the well-proven fact of history as well as the revelation of the Bible. The difficulty we feel in trying to understand this was not felt at all by Him! He speaks of himself as though He had come into this world even as we speak of going from California into Oregon! Always he feels he is here on a mission. And this Divine Man is God's message, his "Word" to man. The word spoken in everlasting love and power. His death on the cross is God calling man. There, there I read the mystery of life, there I read the grandeur of man's soul! If with one hand it—the cross—points to God's redeeming love, with the other just as eloquently it points to man's inherent greatness. I know what I am when I study nature and history, and modern science helps me in this study, but I know what I am clearest and best when I press close to the great grim thunder-riven Cross of my Saviour. There I read the value of my soul. That tragedy tells me with all the pathos of the skies that man is a Son of God and wheresoever he has gone, God wants him to come back and take his rightful place in the Father's Royal Family. More and more, Men and Fathers, as I see life and study conditions, Christ is to me the Center of all things. As for the Bible, I accept it as my guide for faith and practice. It is somewhat significant that as a moral and spiritual teacher the Bible is always ahead of the most progressive and gifted leaders and thinkers of mankind. I value the work of some of our scholars, they have helped in many ways, but the old book which has stood the test of the ages is to me more wonderful than the findings of the men, great as all that is. It is profoundly significant that this old book has anticipated the highest thinking of the ages! In my former pastorate I had several months' study of the Bible in prayer meeting, its history and story as a whole and by books; more than ever now, and with the aid of modern discoveries and findings, the Book stands out as God's Book to me.

So much, in passing, about my preaching, and more that I have not said! As to the pastoral work, what an inspiration is the work with young people. I wouldn't give up my Sunday school class even if the superintendent asked me to! Those dear girls are worth too much. And the Christian Endeavor, and the Boy Scouts! I think I learn more than the boys do! May we have many fine times together in fun and for higher things!

May I say I have written to the two Lieutenants commanding the two squads of soldiers at Martinez, one at the Santa Fe viaduct, the other at The Shell, inviting them to our services, and offering myself as temporary chaplain in any way needed.

Then the calls made, and much worse, the calls not made. No pastor ever made enough, nor until the end of time will there be a pastor who ever will make enough—for some. It is the universal fault with "Our Pastor" in all the churches, always has been, always will be.

"O! I am so glad you finally found you way. I feared you had forgotten where I lived," and so on, and you finally go away almost sorry you had not forgotten! (This is not in Martinez, however, not once has anyone said that to me here!) Then the others: "Glad to see you. You have so much to do, I don't see how you get around among so many of us. We try to do as well as we can and every morning we speak to God about you and our little Church, and hope you will be made strong for the Master's work here." Ah! You remember those calls and their name is legion. And the sick-room calls, the death watches where your own faith is strengthened as you try to pilot a soul into the regions faith has revealed to you. The sadness of it all—yes. But the more than mortal gladness of it all when the dying eyes were mirrors for beauties you could not see, as the light in them was from somewhere beyond the sun. * * * *

This is not as I understand it a council for a broadside bombardment as was my ordination Council 20 years ago, but you had a right to hear a word as to what I expect to preach. The last word has not been said. God's truth is progressive. I may be one material point in the dark concerning some points, but when God gives me the new light I shall follow it and rejoice to see new light burst forth from His Eternal Truth. Would my ordaining Council of 20 years ago accept this statement as a working basis, and vote to proceed? I wonder! Many who are ordained now could never have been ordained 40 years ago. Orthodox bones rattle in many a coffin during modern ordaining and installing councils! But so did their fathers turn in their graves before them. The world is waiting for a book to tell how the heretics of the past 100 years became the guardians of orthodoxy of the past decade!

DAVID A. CURRY.

An Appreciation by Roy H. Campbell.

A thousand people, from close church and civic relationships, stand ready to gladly voice their appreciation of the life and character of David A. Curry. And if we should ask for testimony from those who knew him as the host in the best remembered vacation of their lives the multitude to come forward from New England to the Pacific coast would be too great to number. From all these I would not dare stand out and be spokesman unless I had this further relation of being the leader of the church of which he was a member and which he attended regularly save for the summer months before he began his winter Yosemite information tours. I know of no task I can do more gladly then than the one assigned me by The Pacific of speaking

a word for its readers of the life and character of this man. The news of his death was a shock. We of course knew for several days of its likelihood. But it did not seem possible that one so full of life, the very picture and expression of vitality, could so suddenly be divorced of all that splendid energy. And then, when a day for readjustment came I wondered that I could not feel sadder at the loss of this life. I wondered, and then I hit upon the reason which suggests to me the description of the kind of man he was. The fact is, I did not believe he was dead. He was too vital, too powerful, too all-conquering of the difficulties of life to die. I had seen him wade through opposition, through apparently insurmountable obstacles in financing larger enterprises, through hostile competition, and through prodigious mountains of work with a smile, with an almost boyish enjoyment and enthusiasm of it all. I have never seen a man who was so thoroughly alive as he was at his age. That quality of life which he represented cannot perish. I can well believe that out of the mountains and forests of our other homeland he is now engaged in some task worthy of his powers. When one of us is summoned, as he was, right from the heart of a workshop, with the striving and energy of the work all about him, it makes it easier to picture the land to which he has gone as full of life, too. It must be to contain these quenchless spirits.

Mr. Curry was an exceedingly frank man. I do not believe that he knew there was such a word as tact or diplomacy in Webster. He always said exactly what he meant with no attempt to dress it up. His exact honesty was refreshing. It was disconcerting to men of devious ways.

He attended the Wednesday night service without fail, rain or shine, during the five years I led the service in Palo Alto. But the subdued mood and plaintive air which sometimes take possession of a prayer-meeting, never so much as breathed upon him. He was not susceptible to the moods which we assume in certain social contacts. His voice boomed out just as strong when he added his testimony as though he were on his porch in Yosemite with head up and his eyes on Glacier. And his words always had the practical tang to them which his religion also possessed.

I have never known a man either who was so closely wedded to his work. He moved and breathed and had his being in Camp Curry, Yosemite. His work was actually himself. He constantly talked about it. You asked him about it before you thought to enquire about his family. And he had the quality of making you as devoted to Camp Curry as himself. He was able to create an esprit de corps among his force and among his guests which changed a camp into an institution. Camp Curry, through the touch of his interest, was not a place where you stayed for a few weeks alone, but a place you talked for, worked for, wore a flag for, and yelled for if necessary. He possessed in large measure that strange quality we have seen fit to name personality. Under his touch the tents and buildings, the plunge and dining room took on new form—they became "Camp Curry."

Mr. Curry was a Congregational layman who took his office seriously. He supported his church. He was generous in his gifts. The check for home expenses and missions was equal in proportion and both represented an intense and practical zeal for Christ's kingdom. His sympathies extended beyond his own church. Social service of all kinds claimed his interest. He was, as a close acquaintance revealed, a well-read man, an educated man, a man who knew the history of his church and country; who had thought out some of the problems of both to a conclusion.

Redwood City and Palo Alto, where he lived for many years, had ample evidence of his civic interest. But we turn, of course, to Yosemite, when we wish to find his influence on the nation itself. He helped to make Yosemite known. In the pioneer days his camp gave shelter to the common man, whose pocket book did not weigh him down. The size of his body and the boom of his voice were made to interpret to the New Englander or the Middle Westerner the bigness of our Sierras. Mr. Curry's "Hello, Glacier," and "Farewell" will be missed by thousands on their return to the great valley, and for many of us it will always echo up the heights and send us out again refreshed to the work of the city.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

A young Eskimo sought admission to Jesse Lee Home, at Unalaska, saying, "I want book learning a little, and God plenty."

Such is the attitude of the Eskimo generally toward the knowledge of God. Old ways, and old traditions, grip him still, and cloud his life; but he is friendly to the new way, the way of the gospel of Christ.

The Rev. Dr. John Parsons of Nome, Alaska, writes as follows in the Pacific Christian Advocate:

At Christmas and Easter the Eskimos come to Nome from miles up and down the coast of Behring Sea. Last Christmas over two hundred people gathered in the native church for a communion service and most of them came to the altar to receive the bread and wine. Baptism is administered to their children, and they bring their little ones to the table of the Lord.

These festive gatherings are partly religious, and partly social. Quite a burden is laid upon the local Eskimo community by the presence of so many strangers. After the Easter Festival last Spring, Solomon Tom was asked, "What kind of a time did you have at Nome?" Tom replied, saying, "Plenty singing, and plenty praying; but not much grub."

As a rule, the Eskimo lives from hand to mouth, and, though careful to entertain strangers, his supply of food is scant. Solomon Tom evidently lodged in one of the Igloo's of the poor.

Seward Peninsula, and northwestern Alaska, are fairly well supplied with Eskimo missions. At Point Barrow, fronting on the Arctic Ocean, a mission is conducted by the Presbyterian church; at Point Hope, just beyond Behring Strait, the Episcopal church conducts a mission; the Friends have work on Kotzebue Sound; the Congregational Church has a mission at Cape Prince of Wales, near the Coast of Siberia; the Lutheran Church has work at Teller, and between Nome and the Yukon River; and the Methodist Episcopal Church is represented at Nome, and at Sinuk. Besides these the Roman Catholic Church is working among the Eskimo at Nome, King Island and Mary's Igloo.

Eskimo work of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one of the activities of the Women's Home Missionary Society; and the elect lady, whom the Eskimos love in the truth, is Mrs. R. H. Young, of Long Beach, California. She is the Secretary of the Bureau for Alaska Eskimos, and both missions have been established under her supervision.

The mission at Sinuk is a home and a church; a home for orphan children, and a church for people of the village. Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett have charge of the home this year, and a family of over twenty children is under their care. A deaconess, Miss Howard, is their assistant, but her time is mostly occupied in the work of the school. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett came to Nome from San Francisco, where they were members of Grace Church.

Eskimo work at Nome is conducted as a church, with institutional features. Two services of public worship are

conducted each Sunday, a Sabbath School, and a weekly prayer-meeting. A native choir leads the congregation in singing, and renders special music; and the sermon is given to the older people in their own tongue by an interpreter. Most of the young people understand English, and in a few years it will be the language of the Eskimos.

Next to the church stands a fine gymnasium building, which includes a workroom for the women, and a club room for boys. Indoor baseball is played, and other games; and the women are instructed in making useful and fancy articles.
supplied with tools. Workers in ivory avail themselves of supplied with tools. Workers n ivory avail themeslves of this building to some extent, but it is used mainly by Eskimo carpenters in making dog-sleds for their own use, and for sale, and for repair work. This building, and the lot, came to the Society through the kindness of Mr. Jafet Lindeberg, president of the Pioneer Mining Company.

On another street, near the parsonage, the Society recently secured by purchase one of the best residences in Nome, which is to be opened as a hospital for Eskimos next summer. It cost over $3,000.00 to build, and it was bought for $650.00 Medical care of the Eskimo is given by the government, and so much a day is paid for hospital care. It will be a great blessing to the Eskimos, who have looked upon disease as a demon, and upon medicine as a sort of magic.

CONCERNING AMERICAN BOARD MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.

Information was received by the American Board from Treasurer Peet of Constantinople in letters the latest of which was dated March 30th, indicating that he was aware of the impending break of Turkey with the United States and had sent letters of warning and counsel to the interior stations. Some returns to these letters showed that the missionaries were not inclined to leave their stations. Four single ladies and several wives of missionaries with their children had arrived in Constantinople, and some few of the men of the mission were proposing to come out. The State Department had been urged to secure all possible facilities for leaving Turkey of American Board representatives if desire or conditions required it.

Among those planning to leave are Miss Annie T. Allen of Brousa, a representative of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, who, with her father is expecting to go forward at least to Switzerland.

Dr. Barton of the American Board states that for the present it is impossible to communicate by letter with the missionaries in Turkey, but that he does not expect that these conditions of isolation will be long continued. A recent dispatch to the State Department from Ambassador Elkus reveals the fact that the great majority of the Turkish Cabinet were not in favor of breaking with the United States. A communication was sent to all of the Turkish governors of the Interior from the Grand Vizier at Constantinople directing them to afford every protection to Americans and American interests. The Turkish officials are thoronghly friendly and cordial with the missionaries throughout the Interior almost without exception. When the Turkish officials at Marsovan took possession of the American Board Compound, and the embassy filed a vigorous protest with the Turkish Government, the reply was given that the American property had not been 'seized" nor would be "seized" but that Turkey was simply temporarily occupying for military purposes certain American properties. We have no reason to expect that there wlil be any attempt on the part of Turkey permanently to retain any missionary property now occupied, but that it will be ultimately returned and without long delay.

ADDRESS BY DR. VAN HORN AT GRADUATION EXERCISES OF PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION.

Things New and Old.

Taking as a text Matt. 13:52: "Every teacher of religion who hath been made a disciple of the kingdom of heaven, bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old," Dr. Van Horn called attention to the emphasis of the later translation: that the business of instruction is not mere acquisition of facts, but to make men true disciples of the kingdom of heaven. This kingdom Jesus had just illustrated by seven great parables. Then He asked, Do you understand? And they replied enthusiastically, just as students under the spell of the teacher have always done, Oh, yes! Jesus did not deny or reprove. He knew their earnestness, and how soon they would discover their ignorance. Very well, He said, but remember the true teacher of religion will bring out of his heart treasures both the things new and the things old. This balance of truth, this equipoise of life, the Master showed in His own teaching and urged upon His followers. Such balance and poise were never more needed than now—perhaps never so hard to attain and keep. The buffetings of life, the swirl of contending opinions, even our splendid enthusiasms tend to overbalance us. In our very eagerness for breadth we become narrow.

Let the preacher ever beware—especially the young preacher. The specialist is the man of the hour—but the specialist is such because he has narrowed his inquiry. For years the student sits at the feet of the expert and becomes enamoured.

Here is his danger, of becoming a little semi-specialist; the echo of an expert. Nothing is really so empty, so confusing as a room full of echoes—and this weary, echoing world yearns for a voice,distinct, though it may be small. Be a voice, not an echo, even of an expert!

Browning says, "Life changes all our thoughts of heaven." More than that: life changes all our thinking—about theology, about human need, about life itself. The theological student thinks his sermon must be heavenly, at least in this that it be form square, on each side three subheads, each a pearl! Life changes that. He becomes more careful to show Him who is the center and glory of the City. Life makes his theology less formal, more earnest. Life restores the lost balance, it tests the new, it brings back the old, it establishes the fundamental. Life challenges the advice sometimes given young preachers, "Seek a quiet pastorate for further study." "No," cries Life, "Seek a place for service, press on to the front, get on the firing line!" He that will save his life shall lose it. Moreover, this balance of truth and life is needed for the sake of others. Who are they? All classes and conditions of men—everybody. No minister, old or new, can say, "I will preach to a chosen company, I will minister to a picked and select class." There they are—your congregation, "all men," as Paul saw them. And Paul's successors must say, "Let me be all things to all men that I may save some." For that, after all, is the preacher's business—human salvage, social salvation. He is not required to save his theology, or his pet social theories, or his ideals of eloquent preaching—he is to save men. And men want things fundamental, the things old as human need, basic as the being of the Eternal. They want the Eternal Christ, the Lamb slain from the

foundation of the world. Tell them the old, old story—that is as new as every fresh need, in the language of today, but tell it. Let Life—the life of others, shape your ideals, your plans, your ministry of the things new and old: for men need every treasure you have for their helping. Pilgrims of the pathway of Jesus, I greet you. You will have success, you will know failure. You will taste of fortune, you will drink the cup of sorrow. Keep to the path, hold your soul in poise, look to the end.

"Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor, wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city liveth—
The quest is the good knight's part,
And the pilgrim wends thro' the end of the ends
Toward a shrine and a trail in his heart."

Knights of the Holy Search, I salute you! But remember, teachers of religion, disciples of the kingdom—the Grail with its mingled wine of the old and the new is ever in the heart—at the heart of Life.

GRADUATION EXERCISES OF PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION.

The graduation exercises of the Pacific School of Religion were held on Thursday of last week. The anniversary address was given by the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn, on "Things New and Old." It was an able and impressive address—a partial conception of which will be gained from an article elsewhere in The Pacific this week setting forth some of the thoughts.

An innovation this year was addresses by members of the graduating class. The Rev. Merton Jay Minkler spoke on "Christ or Catastrophe"; and the Rev. Hugh Vernon White on "Permanent Service of the Church to Humanity." Excellent addresses these were, showing that Pacific School of Religion is sending forth well-equipped workers.

There were four candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity; William Henry Hermitage, Merton Jay Minkler, Earl Henry Weed, and Hugh Vernon White.

The Rev. Harry Pressfield, who received a diploma, will be a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1918.

There were two candidates for the degree of Master of Sacred Theology: Rev. Henry Orton Wiley and Olive May Winchester.

President Nash, after conferring the degrees, spoke with exceeding impressiveness to the class, going forth as they do at a time so fraught with momentous occurrences for the world. Never, it was shown, was there a grander opportunity for the herald of the gospel of Christ; never a more glorious pathway for the properly equipped and consecrated minister. A world that is to be reconstructed awaits him and his message!

How appropriate for the day is the hymn chosen by this graduating class as Class Hymn!

"These things shall be,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

President Nash's remarks led the thought forward to a time, perhaps not far distant, when mankind will live largely in the spiritual and not so much in the material.

Participating in the services were the Rev. Dr. Dille, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church and a trustee of the School of Religion; the Rev. Dr. Parsons, Rector of St. Marks Episcopal Church, and the Rev. J. H. McCartney, pastor of the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley.

President Nash announced donations to the amount of $25,000 for the endowment of a Chair of Missions. This is to be pushed up to the $60,000 required for full endowment.

A scholarship, the income from which will be available for students going on to post-graduate work, was announced.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Thirty-three persons united with the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday.

The California State Sunday School Association will hold its Golden Jubilee in Oakland next week.

The Editor of The Pacific is attending the annual meeting of the Southern California Conference at Ontario this week.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco has called the Rev. Dr. Henry Stiles Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. Bradley was here for a month last year as pulpit supply and during that time the people became much attached to him.

The Rev. Dr. R. H. Potter of Hartford, Connecticut, was with the First Church, Los Angeles, last Sunday. Dr. Potter was accompanied to California by his wife. He came to look over the field in response to a call to the pastorate. He started home Monday of this week. It is thought that he will resign the Hartford pastorate immediately and accept the Los Angeles call.

SANTA CRUZ PLANNS FOR SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Three new members were received into the church Sunday. The church has invited to meet with them on the occasion of the 60th anniversary in September the California Conference of the Congregational church. The Ladies' Society has voted to purchase a Sohmer grand piano for use in the Sunday school. This will give the church a pipe organ, three pianos and a cabinet organ in the various rooms.

Sixty new members before the 60th anniversary is the aim of the church.

AFTER A YEAR AT SAN JOSE.

The Rev. E. A. King finished his first year of service as pastor at San Jose the last week in April. We glean and condense a few of the encouraging facts on the church calendar for April 29.

The membership has been brought up to 371, the additions during the year being 53.

The Wednesday night meeting has been well attended during the entire year. The Saturday night Social Study Club has been successful. The church office has been furnished. Many repairs and improvements of various kinds

have been made. A motor was put into the organ. The Sunday evening service has been well attended and the morning services have been encouraging.

The church has given in benevolences $673.00 during the past six months. The entire Home Missionary apportionment has been paid. Dr. Sargent's salary has been paid up to date; $85.00 has been given to the Armenian relief; $87.00 to the Anti-Saloon League. For the size of our church and considering all the conditions we have done very well and should rejoice and take courage.

The current expense budget was all provided for at the beginning of the church year except about $500.00. Six months have passed and all of our bills have been paid regularly month by month. We shall complete the canvass within a few weeks and then we shall be able to end the year gloriously. The church building debt is getting to the place now where we can see some way of paying it within a year or two. We have been promised a thousand dollars without interest from New York if we raise the rest.

The young peoples' societies have been reorganized, and a new class started in the Sunday-school for young women. "At Home" socials at the minister's home have been a new and enjoyable and serviceable feature. There has been constant activity by the Ladies' Aid Society and the Kingdom Extension Society. A Young Matron's Society has been organized.

EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO ASSOCIATION.

By Jonathan Edwards.

The 35th annual meeting was held in the Colfax church, May 1st and 2nd, with splendid representation of the ministers present. The Colfax church was organized by the late Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., 39 years ago, and is the oldest Congregational church north of the Snake river, and is now one of the most substantial churches in the Inland Empire and the pastor, Rev. J. H. Bainton, one of the ablest and most respected ministers, having entered on his sixteenth year as pastor of the church. The address of welcome was given by the Hon. Jas. A. Perkins, "the father of Colfax," a charter member of the church, and a pillar of it all through the years. He referred to Drs. Geo. H. Atkinson and Cushing Eells, as the organizers of the church, and as the men who made the earliest and most permanent impressions upon him. Dr. Atkinson was the first minister he heard on the Pacific Coast, when he was a boy sixty years ago, soon after his parents had settled in the Willamette Valley, Oregon.

Rev. J. M. Lewis was elected Scribe and Rev. J. L. Rawlins, assistant scribe.

The general topic was: "The Application of the Principles of Jesus to the Problems of Modern Life."

Rev. A. A. Doyle gave an address on the "Principles of Christ in Social Life." It was followed by the sermon by Rev. W. P. Ames, from Isa. 33:17. "They shall behold a land that reacheth afar." Revs. C. H. Burdick and J. W. Skerry officiated at the communion service. There were written reports from more than half the churches, nearly all giving evidence of progress.

In the evening the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. C. Veazie. The subject of the moderator's address, Rev. W. S. Pritchard, was the the "Principles of Jesus and the Sabbath," and the "Principles of Jesus in World Missions," was treated by Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

On Wednesday morning following business and devotional services, the following subjects were treated in a competent manner:

The Principles of Jesus—(1) In Boy Life, by Mr. G. A. Forbes, Spokane Y. M. C. A. Secretary. (2) In Educational Life, by Rev. Carl H. Veazie. (3) In Iudstrial Affairs, by Mr. John A. Houston, a business man. (4) In International Affairs, by Rev. W. W. Cochrane, a former foreign missionary.

In the afternoon Rev. J. H. Matthews, State S. S. Superintendent, presented "Our Sunday Schools and the Tercentenary Program." "The Principles of Christ in Family Life," was the subject of Rev. M. A. Covington, the Children's Home-Finding Society's superintendent.

During the Woman's Board session the veteran, Rev. T. W. Walters, the successor of "Father Eells," as pastor of the Colfax church, for 13 years the general missionary of this association, gave interesting reminiscences of the early history of the churches.

Rev. W. H. Wikoff presented the church building society, in his usual manner, as if there was no other cause worth talking about, nevertheless, he is always welcome. He also presented the movement to extend the influence of The Pacific, and the establishment of a book depository on the Coast with telling effect, and it was unanimously endorsed.

On Wednesday evening, following the devotional sevice, led by Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, two fine addesses were given by Revs. C. H. Harrison and T. H. Harper, respectively, on "Recruiting the Ministry," and "Principles of Jesus Christ in Evangelism."

Moderator elected for the coming year, Rev. Amos A. Doyle, Hillyard; Assistant, Rev. J. W. Skerry, Trent. Place of next meeting, Deer Park, Rev. Wm. Worthington, pastor.

Mr. Jay A. Yeomans of Spokane was elected a trustee of the State conference. Drs. T. H. Harper and Mrs. Harper, Spokane, Rev. J. W. Skerry, Trent, Mr. W. H. Short, Deer Park, were elected delegates to the National Counlil.

Resolutions were passed renewing our loyalty to the principles of the Federal Council of the churches of North America, and to the Missions Council of the state, and in favor of the union of believers, and opposition to the overchurching of communities; favoring universal national suffrage; urging steps taken to prevent speculation and undue advance in food stuffs; urging the importance of immediate prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor in the interest of the army, and to preserve all grain for food purposes.

Standing Committee Appointed.

Educational and Credential—Rev. C. H. Harrison, Pullman; Rev. C. H. Burdick, Spokane, and Rev. Carl H. Veazie, Wallace

Administration—Rev. Wm. Worthington, Deer Park; Rev. A. A. Doyle, Hillyard; Rev. J. W. Skerry, Trent, and F. W. Isham, Spokane.

Evangelism—Dr. T. H. Harper, Spokane; Rev. W. P. Ames, Cheney, and Rev. Philip E. Bauer, Spokane.

Social Service—Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, Almira; Rev. J. C. Grafton, Hope, Idaho, and Rev. J. N. Pendleton, Priest River.

Worship and Fellowship—Rev. W. C. Veazie, Ione; Rev. J. L. Rollins, Cusick, and Rev. F. M. Abbott, Loon Lake.

Peace—Rev. Jonathan Edwards and Rev. W. D. Eddy, Spokane, and Rev. O. B. Whitmore, Ritzville.

Comity Committee—Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Rev. C. H. Burdick and Dr. T. H. Harper, all of Spokane.

THE TREADWELL, ALASKA, DISASTER AND OUR DOUGLAS CHURCH

By the assistance of our Home Missionary Society the Douglas Church has been kept almost continually active since 1898. On Easter Sunday when the church received 20 accessions it reached the highest mark of its membership. We have a good property in fair condition. The church provides for more than two-thirds of its expense budget. The sudden flooding of three of the four mines, and the cessation of nearly all the activities in the community, immediately makes the church helpless financially. Quite a period of time will be required before any one can tell just what conditions will be. Many people own their homes and these will not leave right away, hoping for readjustments which will make it possible for them to remain. During this period, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, the pastor, feels that it would be most unfortunate to forsake the work, and is willing to stay with it, provided the necessary means can be secured whereby he can afford to do so.

Mr. Bollinger has been at Douglas nearly a year, and had found the church work opening up finely. His church membership is likely to be greatly reduced; the Sunday-school reduced one-half, etc. Though the satisfaction of seeing things grow will not be his for some time, he contemplates the satisfaction there will be in staying by the few through their season of discouragement.

EMILY P. FLANDERS.

Saturday morning, April 28, 1917, Mrs. Emily P. Flanders, wife of C. N. Flanders of Porterville, passed into the better life after an illness of six months from arterio-sclerosis, having almost reached the age of 71 years. She was the youngest of a family of fourteen children, of whom eleven grew to maturity and ten had families of their own. Of this large number only a sister residing in Kansas now survives, a brother having passed away in January of the present year, and a sister in February. Mary Page, a sister who died in 1913, will be remembered by some as having made extended visits in Porterville.

Emily Page was born June 6, 1846, at Haverhill, N. H. She was educated at Haverhill Academy and Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. She and her future husband had been schoolmates since 1860. While Mr. Flanders was taking his college course at Dartmouth, Miss Page took special courses in French of European teachers at Grand Ligne, Canada, and then taught in the academy from which both had graduated in 1867. From 1870 to 1874 she taught in Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., a girls' school located very near to the Andover Theological Seminary, where Mr. Flanders graduated in 1874. After an acquaintance and friendship of fourteen years these two were united in marriage January 1, 1875.

During her husband's active ministry as pastor of Congregational Churches she was his devoted and efficient helpmeet, both in the household and the parish. They resided successively in Westmoreland, N. H., Wapping, Conn., Newport, N. H., Martinez, Cal., and in Porterville, coming here in March, 1892. Since 1894, although her husband was no longer in the active ministry, her interest in the church and community was very real. The Congregational Church of Porterville was dear to her heart and received from her ungrudgingly time, and thought and money. As long as she was conscious of passing events she often inquired about the church and its interests, the minister and the prayer-meeting. She was likewise interested in every good cause for the benefit of the community. She was a member of the local Eastern Star Lodge, and one of the earliest members of the Inter Se reading circle.

As a teacher, Mrs. Flanders was especially proficient in French, the fluent use of which she retained till the last. She was greatly beloved by her pupils and associate teachers. To be genuinely and helpfully interested in others was a lifelong characteristic. She lived not only in the lives of her husband and children, but also very much in the lives of her friends and acquaintances. A more unselfish character it would be hard to find.

Her death temporarily interrupts—not permanently severs—an association that was practically lifelong, and forty-two years of which were in the intimacy of husband and wife. Three children were born to them, the youngest, a daughter, having died in 1888. The surviving children are Austin P., residing in Berkeley, Cal., and Louisa F. Davies, who with her daughter Charlotte has resided at the parental home since the death of her husband in May, 1915. She is survived also by three grandchildren and 15 nephews and nieces.

"In the time of roses
Weary heart rejoice;
Ere the summer closes
Comes the longed-for Voice.
Let not Death appall thee,
For beyond the tomb
God Himself shall call thee
When the roses bloom."

The Home

WHEN THE CRASH COMES.

By Hilda Richmond.

It is difficult to realize that sometimes where prosperity seems to smile brightest the radiance but serves to blind the casual eye to impending calamity. For though fortunate to all outward seeming, there are women who start with fear every time the door bell rings, apprehensive it may be someone to collect a bill; who see in the morning's mail nothing but reminders of debt; who fear to face the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and who must present some excuse week after week to hold off the washerwoman and the dressmaker until "times get better." The lives of these women are one continual struggle with debt, and they have nothing to look forward to but still greater troubles.

In spite of the oft repeated assertion that business men fail because of their wives' extravagance, the fault is not always theirs. The women are not usually responsible for this manner of living, though because of little children and inability to do any one thing well they are helpless to remedy it and are forced, for the sake of appearances, to go on day by day making the best of things and eating the bitter bread of bondage. They would remedy this state of affairs if they could, and more often than not would be glad to relieve the tension and suspense by abandoning the struggle to present a fair front to the world and beginning all over again.

"The new beginning," however, is hard to make voluntarily, and so when the crash comes and forces the family down to honest living, it really is a blessing. If it is hard for a woman to eat the bread of charity it is infinitely harder for her, if she is true to her womanhood, to eat the bread that is not paid for and never will be. To such a woman

the crash means emancipation. No more agonies of apprehension by day and wakings by night. Driven to follow the road at its new turning, she can follow it head up and fearless, happy in the knowledge that because from from now on it must be an honest road, it will of necessity be a good road.

A woman who had lived in a ragged-edge home in childhood went from it to her married home and commenced life with a husband whose business methods were just the sort that her father's had been. For years she struggled along, till the crash came and she found herself a widow with two children and an aged mother to support. She knew nothing but housekeeping, but she bravely set to work to do that by the day in homes where she had been a guest, and in less than ten years she was in her own home—truly her own for the first time, because it was paid for—and had a comfortable income. And moreover she was happier, she said, than she had ever been in her life. She rejoiced in independence. To her it was something very precious and sacred to be able to look every one square in the face and say she owed no man anything in that town where she had so long been humiliated by debt.

In another home of this character the unhappy wife and mother awoke suddenly to the realization that some day their hollow mockery of fashionable living would be swept away and the family would be left penniless. At first she determined to save money out of the very little ready cash that made up her "allowance," but she came to the conclusion that this would be really stealing. Her next thought was china painting. When she took it up her friends considered it a passing fad, but she kept on. Those first lessons were paid for with money obtained by selling half-worn garments to the "old clothes man" and later with money obtained by painting trifles for sale in the woman's exchange. When the crash did come she was able to support her family until her husband got on his feet, this time on secure ground, with no underlying quicksand of debt and disaster.

Many woman shrink from losing the precarious footing they now have because of a dread of the unknown terrors to come. As a matter of fact such terrors rarely materialize for the woman with common sense and health to support her. The cottage in the suburbs, that looked so squalid when viewed from the avenue, turns out to be a veritable house of content, and the simplified work and manner of living are an infiinite relief to the woman who has struggled for years with debt and with incompetent servants because she could not pay promptly. The people in the suburbs prove as kindly, as sympathetic, as human and as true as the friends of the old world, and often even more so.

It is a common experience of women who have "come down in the world," as the world terms it, but who have really risen above debt and worry to independence and happiness, that the new neighbors are "real folks" whom it is a joy to know. For among the so-called "common people" are some of the most noble of the people in the world. Here are men who never earned $1,000 a year in their lives, who have been able with the help of their wives to erect modest, happy, refined homes, and from them have sent out children to large accomplishment. Small danger that the children will become contaminated by associating with the children of honest, God-fearing humble people, such as are found in every town and country community. It should be, rather, a matter for thankfulness that they are out of the atmosphere of debt and pretension.

And so, instead of worrying and crying and fretting over the impending disaster, as she terms it, let the woman whom it threatens use her strength to make preparations to meet it. Let her take up some occupation that she is sure is not overcrowded and fit herself thoroughly to make a success of it. Since housekeeping, the care of children, home making and similar tasks now occupy her mind and hands, she will do well to perfect herself in such things, for they are what she knows best. To make a homelike lodging place for people; to be able to plan and prepare for them good, nutritious food at reasonable cost; to open a little kindergarten; to coach backward pupils; to conduct a little exchange; to make tempting pastry and home-canned goods for a high class market; to do fine sewing or fancy work; to take up china painting or the study of artistic house furnishing; to raise chickens; to do work in photography; to make Christmas and holiday novelties—to do any one of these things and a dozen others that are all open to the home woman is to insure for herself a regular income.

The handicapped daughter in a debt-bound home; the worried wife and mother whom poverty stares daily in her face; the elderly woman fearing to face the world alone, should lift up their heads and take courage. If you are one of these do not let the final crash come upon you as a thief in the night; and when it does come, rejoice that your bondage is over. A joyous debt-free existence may still be your happy portion if you are brave and sensible and full of courage. And when your feet are turned into the happy paths of peace and independence you will wonder why you ever dreaded the crash which has proved itself a blessing.

For The Children.

RING O' RING O' POSIES.

The first Magnolia was lighting up; the pinky white flowers shone like lamps, thrusting straight out of the trunk and branches. Every other tree was as bare as the fountain that stood in the middle of the park; the fountain was in the form of an iron Dolphin out of whose mouth water sprayed and splashed in summer, but, in winter, the water was turned off. From his elevated position, the Dolphin could see all over the park, and he was the first to see the Magnolia's festive illumination.

"Hi, you!" said he. "You're coming out too soon. There's no one about to notice you and won't be for a month or more."

"Pray, excuse," said the Magnolia, with flowery grace, "I have been told to light up, and I can't delay."

"Who told you?" said the Dolphin, his great mouth yawning till it almost cracked. "No one's telling me anything. I always know, because such a gurgling and goggling starts under my tail, right in this iron windpipe of mine, which goes to the bottom of the earth."

"All the same, the sound is in the ground and in the air and everywhere," said the silvery voice of the Magnolia. "The whole earth is tuning up with the most lovely instruments. Through the noise of the wheels, I distinctly hear springs and rivers rushing, and, beyond the houses, I hear small leaves pushing, and the wind on the high seas and the high skies is conducting every one. Yes, every one of us is joining in the whole world's harmony."

"Fudge! We are living in a city square, a poky, bricky little square," said the Dolphin, yawning again.

"We are not," said the Magnolia, whose voice gained in strength as the starry lamps opened and opened, until the tree was nothing but a cluster of lights and the gray asphalt path and dried grass looked quite cheerful.

"We are, we are, we are," barked the rusty old Dolphin. "There are houses on each side; where'er I look, houses and apartment buildings, and beyond them, skyscrapers. We are completely shut in, always have been and always shall be. Don't talk to me about a world I can neither see nor hear."

"No ,my friend, the roof of the world is over us," trilled the Magnolia. "Those very clouds are floating over mountains with orange groves nestling round their knees; their white candles will be out and some yellow lamps among them; and those clouds are floating over forests, where tiny glowworm violets are twinkling in the moss, holding up their wee red candles deep in their purple hearts; while pale stars of arbutus in New England woods press against the ground and send a whisper of greeting to the primrose stars in Old England. All across the seas and round the seas, the world is lighting up and the tuning grows in sweetness."

"Well, I can't see any signs," said the Dolphin, who called himself strong-minded. "I judge from what I see before me, and there isn't a twinkle of a flower except your most misplaced display. Spring and summer is the time for flowers, when my spray can refresh them. But now the park is a dreary place, and I am going to yawn myself to sleep again."

So the Dolphin yawned and slumbered, while the Magnolia held its pink white lamps or stars or flowers aloft and alight, until, one day, the Dolphin beheld tiny green leaves pushing out where the Magnolia's flowers had been.

"Ha, what did I tell you?" cried the Dolphin. "Now you are over and have nothing to look forward to."

"Excuse, I beg," murmured the elegant Magnolia, more graceful than ever in its pale green garb; 'do you not see what is happening on the lawn?"

"Yes, so it is! The Pink Magnolia is starting to come out," said the Dolphin. "And there are quite a few children playing round it. Now, why couldn't you have waited, as I told you?"

"Quite a few birds are twittering among my leaves," returned the Magnolia. "Do you not know we each light up in turn, so that the whole world may forever rejoice in light and shade?"

"Well,I must say it was too bad you had to come out in the dull gray weather," said the Dolphin, letting a raindrop tear trickle out of his staring eye. "And you lit up so uncommonly well and unselfishly when there was no one about to take any particular notice; it does seem too bad you should have to take a back place now."

But the pinky white Magnolia merely moved its branches gently and murmured in its sweet voice, "Ask my sister her opinion."

So the Dolphin turned to the bright Pink Magnolia, and began, "I was just pitying your poor sister—"

"Poor, poor, who's poor?" cried the Pink Magnolia. "I have only rich sisters, thank you."

"Ah, but the one who lit up earliest of any is over and done for, unnoticed and neglected now," said the Dolphin.

"My excellent Fish," said the Pink Magnolia, "is it possible that you don't know our game of Kiss in the Ring, when it's being played under your nose this very moment?"

"What? Where?" said the Dolphin, with his goggle eyes starting out of his head. "Kissing what?"

"Everything; square, park, children, houses, birds, and you," laughed the Pink Magnolia. "First she came out and lit up and then started blowing kisses everywhere, and now it's my turn, and then Deep Red Sister will light up and then dear old Slowcoach Big White Blossom will get out her fat white Chinese lanterns; and so we will keep it going all the time. That's the whole fun of Ring o' Ring o' Posies. First it's her turn; then it's mine; then it's Red Flower; then it's thine; wait a little; you will see Posies springing tree by tree; everything in order planned keeps a-moving through the lands."

"Well, you certainly keep it up," gasped the Dolphin. "What a flow! How can you keep it up like that, and poetry, too?"

"I can't," laughed the Pink Magnolia. "It's the kissing part now. Look out, Dolphy, for here's the wind a-coming that keeps our game a-going, and here's the first for you, and another, and another. * * * "

And then, if the Pink Magnolia didn't pelt the Dolphin with kisses itll they lay on his head and shoulders and tail and one popped right into his mouth.

"Oh, I would like to play; oh, wind, blow on me, too!" gasped the Dolphin, so excited; but the Wind called out, "Wait for your turn, old chap. If you didn't wait for your turn, how could you see what the others are doing?"

Then the wind chased the last kiss from the Magnolia, and left the Dolphin yawning and spluttering, "I'm tired of doing nothing; I want to blow kisses and I can't; I'm all dried up, I'm done for."

"Nonsense," said the sonorous, deep voice of Big White Blossom Magnolia, now busy spreading out its deep green shining leaves. "Everybody's playing all the time in Ring o' Ring o' Posies."

"I should rather think we are; look at me, don't I throw a rosy light on things, old Dolph?" cried a new voice and there was the Rosy Red Magnolia, flourishing deep red lanterns at such a pace that the Dolphin could only gasp, "My eye!"

"Isn't it worth while standing still a minute to watch her show?" cried the other Magnolias. "Hurrah for the kisses that are coming! Talk of fireworks! Talk of shooting stars! Talk of sunsets and dawn and everything that's rosy, and you won't match the superb, bright, brilliant kisses she is going to shower on everything."

"Hurrah," cried the Dolphin, as the wind came hurrying to the fun, "Hurrah for the Posies, the petals, the rosy, rosy petals which you call kisses, but which I call flower spray."

"Oh, what a lovely name! Here is one specially for that," cried the Red Magnolia, and a great big petal came whirling and twirling and turning, till it landed on the tip of the Dolphin's nose, while he gurgled and giggled and goggled;—yes, if the Dolphin wasn't playing too!

Out sprang the water from his mouth in a gleaming shining shower, and the wind that blew the posies round the world cought the drops and blew them all over the garden, splashing every one of the Magnolias.

"Now, weren't you silly to fret and yawn and say that you weren't in the game?" said superior Big White Blossom, whose great white lamps were slowly swinging into view.

"But I never was asleep, never really fretted, never, never, never," shouted the Dolphin, as his spray wnt flashing and dashing here, there and everywhere in lovely clouds; and then he sent a steady stream up in a great fountain and cried, "I was only playing, sillies! Yes, I was playing all the time."

Whoosh! The wind sprayed the tops of the highest trees with the silver mist; and birds and flowers and trees and grass and clouds sang together, "What a game, with the whole wide world playing in the Ring, the never-end-

ing, worldwide, Ring o' Ring o' Posies."—Christian Science Monitor.

LEADERS.

Some leaders lead too far ahead,
High-visioned, unafraid;
Yet ages after they are dead
We tread the paths they made.

Some leaders lead too far behind
Nor seem to keep the track;
Yet they bring on the deaf and blind
Who else would hold us back.

And some seem not to lead at all,
Slow moving on the way;
Yet help the weary feet and small
Of those who else would stray.

Lead on, O leaders of the race!
Your work is long and wide;
We need your help in every place.
Before, behind, beside.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—John Ruskin.

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